THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 8, 1808.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

Extract of a Letter from a Married Lady in Town to her Friend in the Country.

DEAR MADAM,

I Thank you for your kind inquiries after Mr. ———, and the whole family; our son J—n and daughter E——h, are in good health; as to our daughter Caroline, she is, beyond doubt, a most extraordinary being. It is with the utmost concern I inform you, she has lately shewn a strong propensity to drinking, and when she can get at her favourite liquor, she seems perfectly happy; she has no appetite for solids, nor has she ate above an ounce of flesh since she came to town, where she arrived on the 25th of November last. There is no such thing as reasoning with her on this subject; her friends, indeed, do not attempt to advise her, knowing it would be but lost labour; she has as many ridiculous whims as a woman of quality, and more attendants than her brothers, notwithstanding she is single; (*apropos*, it is my opinion if she does not alter her condition, in many respects, no man will be troubled with her). She sleeps at least half her time, and keeps as irregular hours as her father. When we talk seriously to her, she seems to listen, but shows no mark of contrition. From the general tenor of her conduct, it is but too evident she has not the least respect for us. She is often in appearance thoughtful, but never communicates the objects which engage her attention. She is sometimes very angry without any apparent cause, and at others as placid we know not why. I will not say she wants charity, yet I never knew a tale of distress draw a tear from her. I think she would not lose one hour's

amusement to serve her best friends; nor (to do her strict justice) would she be tempted to injure her enemies. Prior's words in the "Indolent Couple," may with great propriety be applied to her:

"No man's good deeds does she commend,
So never makes herself a friend;
No man's bad deeds seeks she to know,
So never makes herself a foe."

Applause or censure she treats with equal indifference; she is often very indecent, even before strangers; when she converses that delicacy, which is an ornament to our sex, is quite laid aside, nor is any subject too gross to engage her attention. The sentiments of a debauchée afford her, to all appearance, as much entertainment as the precepts of a divine; and she is so confident, that I never saw the least appearance of a blush in her countenance; she is, it is true, sometimes liberal, but bestows her favours in so imprudent a manner, that they are frequently received without thanks. You know, my friend, she and her mother were in distress lately, and were happily relieved; yet she has so little idea of gratitude, that Mrs. Tabby, and others, who then distinguished themselves by their ready assistance, are no more partakers of her favours than the strangers whom she never beheld. Notwithstanding all these foibles, she has some good qualities, and it is but justice they should be mentioned, in order to balance the accounts.

In the first place, she is not ambitious; the whole world could not lay a temptation before her which would create a wish to change her condition; she covets no more than she has a right to possess; she is chaste as ice, and treats all men with equal indifference; in this particular no philosopher in petticoats ever exceeded her. She never, knowingly, utters a falsehood, slanders her companions, plays the hypocrite, or asserts more in conversation than she is able, by candid reason, to support. If she now and then, from an impetuosity of disposition, interrupts conversation, it is without any intention of offending. You may judge of her courage and confidence, when I tell you she is a total stranger to fear and modesty; she neither listens to betray, nor tales to deceive; has no taste for pleasure, or expensive amusements; she never lays her head upon the pillow with resentment in her mind, nor suffers uneasiness from the recollection of past injuries. As she treats her friends without ceremony, she is not offended with the want of admirers. Her mind is so enlarged, that she has an equal knowledge of men and things; the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portúguese, and even Hebrew, are as familiar to her as her native tongue; you may judge how well she is

grounded

grounded in grammar, when I inform you, she has never been known to make a false concord, use the plural for the singular number, or the past for the present tense. But, alas! what are all these accomplishments, whilst she continues so fond of her bottle! a practice which the rhetoric of even a Cicero would not prevail upon her to desist from. However, I hope we shall be able to give a better account of this extraordinary girl in a short time, as there must soon be an alteration for better or worse; I hope the former. Adieu, &c.

January 7, 1773.

P.S. I had almost forgot to inform you, she is *six weeks* old to-morrow.

CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA,

Successfully treated by Dr. Mosely.

MRS. Hannah Lacase, aged 30 years, No. 32, Rupert-street, came to me at Albany, in the afternoon of the 15th of last month (December) for advice, having been bitten by a mad dog. She informed me, "that on Tuesday evening the 1st of December, she saw a little dog on opening the street-door, at the threshold, trembling, as if suffering from cold. She let him into the house, and put some bread and milk before him, of which, she thinks, he ate a little. On Wednesday the 2d, he took no notice of food, and seemed stupid: and slept all day under the tables and chairs. One of his eyes appeared blind. He had a running at his nose, and was paralytic in his loins, and dragged his hind legs after him. She carried him into her room when she went to bed. About midnight she heard him tumbling on the floor; and he continued in that disturbed state until morning.

"On Thursday the 3d, she rose early; and while she was lighting the fire, the dog ran at her, and snapped at her right leg, and tore the stocking. In putting him away with her right hand, he seized her little finger in his mouth, and made two small punctures near the end of it with his teeth. He died an hour afterwards. The punctures, though small, must have been deep, or the poison greatly virulent; as she said, the pain in the finger, for two hours, was excessive. When the severity of the pain abated, a sensation came on like the pricking of pins, which continued for about a quarter of an hour, and then ceased.

"On Friday the 4th, the pain returned in the finger, and continued for about an hour. After an interval of three days, it returned again, and remained for a little time. On Friday

and Saturday, the 11th and 12th, she was attacked with a numbness in the finger and hand, with some pain, which advanced to the elbow. The numbness and pain went off in about ten minutes each time. In the course of her sufferings she went to a very respectable surgeon, who proposed to have the bitten part removed; but she objected to it."

On Tuesday the 15th, being very ill, she came to me. The numbness and pain which she experienced on Friday and Saturday, returned this morning. Her whole hand was suddenly affected, while she was blowing the fire, and the use of it almost entirely taken away. The bitten finger became livid, but the lividness disappeared in an hour or two. When she came to me her hand was quite stiff, the finger was hot, and in much pain. She was in great perturbation of mind and body. Her eyes were glassy, and inflamed. She sighed almost continually. Her whole nervous system was extremely affected. Pulse 120, weak and irregular. No thirst. Nothing remarkable in the throat. She said her dreams for several nights before were shocking, that on the preceding night she could not remain in bed; but got up, put on her clothes, and went down stairs, fancying the house on fire; and that her head was distracted with a noise, which seemed to her like the rattling of coaches.

I offered her some water; but could not prevail on her to attempt to drink it. She said she could not, and was seized with a trembling. She had no difficulty in swallowing any liquid, notwithstanding, as was afterwards proved. I then brought a pewter bason filled with water, and slopped it about before her; but on much agitating the water, and pouring it out of the bason into a pewter pot, and from thence back to the bason a few times, she looked at it with horror, and was so distressed, without having any idea of my motives, that she begged I would take it away, or that she could not stay in the room. When appeased by the removal of the water, after this experiment, she told me, that in the morning, as she was drawing some water from the cistern in the yard, she was seized with a trembling, giddiness of the head, and terror, at the sight and noise of the water running into the pail. She was ignorant of the cause. I knew, from woeful experience, what mischief was at hand. But knowledge without promptitude, like promptitude without knowledge, here, is of no avail. I desired her to go immediately home, and to go to bed. I should have had doubts of the utility of applying my usual caustics, *lapis infernalis*, and *butter* of *antimony*, (the cure in recent cases) to the bitten parts, which were healed in three days after the accident, and had now no other visible remains, than two small indentations of the skin—but that the state of the finger and hand shewed the virus was still active in the parts adjacent to the original wounds.

wounds. Therefore I had the skin removed where the wounds had been; and instituted a drain, which was continued through the whole process of treatment.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, I had an ounce of *unguentum mercuriale fortuis* well rubbed in by herself, about her neck, throat, thighs, and legs; then gave her the following draught, with directions to promote perspiration every way possible.

R. julep. è camphora, unc. 2.
Spt. volat. aromat. dr. 1.
Rad. valerian. recent. pulv. dr. ½.
Misce, et fiat haustus.

This draught was repeated every four hours.

I visited her in the evening, and found her in a great perspiration, pulse 112, small and tremulous. She had some sleep after the friction and draught. The sighing, terror, and dread of water, still remained. When the door was shut with some noise, she started up in bed much frightened. She could not bear the light of a candle in her chamber. I asked her why? She said it appeared to her like the light of twenty candles, and distracted her head. I ordered the mercurial friction to be repeated at five o'clock the next morning. On the 16th I visited her in the forenoon. She had perspired profusely during the whole night, and had slept at intervals. Her breath was already very offensive, and her gums sore from the two frictions, within the space of nineteen hours. Pulse 96, but irregular, all symptoms abated. I ordered the draught to be continued, and a repetition of the friction at five o'clock in the afternoon. I visited her again at nine o'clock in the evening. She had perspired considerably all the day. Her gums were much affected by the mercury, and the saliva began to flow plentifully. I ordered the draught to be continued, and the friction to be repeated at five o'clock the following morning.

On the 17th I visited her about noon. The mercury had disordered her bowels in the night, and brought on tormina and bloody stools. Thus, the salivation was checked, and the draught necessarily discontinued. The evils being removed, the salivation returned in the most extensive manner, and continued until the 29th, when it began to abate, declined gradually, and ceased. Four ounces of the ointment, all that was used, were rubbed in, and completely so, at four frictions, within forty-eight hours. She is now in perfect health, and I am under no apprehension concerning her safety.

This is the only case of complete hydrophobia, from the bite of a mad dog, successfully treated on record. But in this case, the hydrophobia was recent, and timely discovered. The dyscataposis, or difficulty in swallowing, and the choaking, had

not

not began the dreadful parts of the tragedy. A few hours more would inevitably have produced them. Then all hopes would have been cut off from any advantage by internal remedies, which are now of the utmost auxiliary importance, in preventing, what can never be cured—these direful precursors of the fatal rabies.

It has been customary to call this disease by the general name of hydrophobia, but that is incorrect; therefore I divide the disease into three stages.

1. Hydrophobia, or the dread of water.
2. Dyscataposis, or difficulty in swallowing, and choaking.
3. Rabies, or convulsion, attended with spitting, and foaming at the mouth.

It is my practice, and I recommend it to others, when called to patients bitten by a mad dog, to try them immediately, and from time to time, with water, in the manner above related, in order to detect, as early as possible, the hydrophobia; or first decided symptom produced by the poison of a mad dog. Had I not done so in this case, the patient would have been lost. A few hours more elapsed, there would have been no possibility of exhibiting medicines internally; and the period between the second stage of the disease, and death, is so short, that there is no time for external applications to find their way, effectually, into the system.

I have known several instances, two of which lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, of people dying from the bites of mad dogs, without its having ever been ascertained, whether there was hydrophobia. This leaves room for doubts and wrong conclusions, among those who are not acquainted with all the characteristics of the disease; especially when the power of swallowing liquids, without much difficulty, returns; as it did in one of these two cases, and also in that of young Metcalfe. This return of the power of swallowing has never been noticed before; but I must observe it is very common, after the cessation of the violence of the convulsive struggling, spitting, and foaming at the mouth, which usually happens a little before the patient dies.

BENJAMIN MOSELEY, M. D.

Chelsea Hospital, Jan. 15, 1808.

Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Samuel Prout, Jun. made when on a Tour to Cornwall.

(Concluded from Page 86.)

DEVIATING from the road, I kept close on the shore, where nature called for my admiration, and filled me with astonishment.

astonishment. The greatest works of art sunk into insignificance, and even "man, the noblest work of God," stood as a speck amongst the stupendous heights of the clifts. Perpendicular rocks, of several hundred feet, broken into a thousand forms, exhibit scenes of the greatest wildness and grandeur. The breakers from the ocean roll in from a considerable distance, overwhelming with destruction every thing that opposes its way; the rocks are shivered to pieces, and nothing can withstand the violence of its foam. Humanity blushes for the shame of our fellow-creatures, and is unwilling to admit that in our own land we should find such ferocious, unfeeling characters, called wreckers. Ships torn with tempest are frequently cast on the shore, where every circumstance frowns terror on the unfortunate sufferers; but, alas! their distress is sometimes unheeded, and the villagers strive to accumulate the spoil, regardless of any other consideration; more anxious for their own gain, than to assist the calamities of others. "Lamentable (says Risdon) is the case of poor sea-faring men that suffer urack, which the Normans called *varech;* from whom that custom not unworthy writing, that in ancient times, if a ship were cast on shore, torn with tempest, and were not repaired by such as were last alive within a certain time, then this was taken for urack. But King Henry I. disliking the justice of that custom, ordained, that if any one thing came on land alive, then the goods and ship should not be seized. This decree was of force all his reign, and ought of equity to have endured for ever. Howbeit, after his death, the owners of land on the sea-shore shewing themselves more careful of their own gain, than pitiful of other men's calamities, returned to their old manner."

The increase of tide overflowing the sands, I entered the lowered road to Stratton, and was unexpectedly led through a land of wood; the hills are cloathed to the top, and the vallies full of fruitfulness. This part of Cornwall has been wholly condemned as wanting the general beauties of the landscape; but those who will leave the great road over the moors, which are barren and much exposed, will find a safe way through the delightful seclusions which may be found even near the north coast of Cornwall. The town of Stratton principally consists of one steep narrow street, the houses of which are, in general, very mean; but this place has maintained its dignity through ages, as it was the *stratum* of the Romans, and the *stratone* of Domesday. The scenery of this neighbourhood is exceedingly interesting, and every mile opens fresh beauties, passing through Marham Church to Week St. Mary. The latter is a considerable village, but the houses are scattered, and many of them ruinous. This parish formerly established and maintained a college for the education of youth, the remains

mains of which stand conspicuous amidst the mud-wall cottages surrounding it. A quadrangular court, with embattlements, sculptured arches, and large windows, are still in good preservation; but as it is now the abode of the children of poverty and wretchedness, a few years will weaken the foundations, and bring it to ruins. The church has suffered exceedingly from the *beautifying* church-wardens, who are, in general, unconscious of the distinction between beauty and ugliness.

With the confidence of a guide, I made an indirect course towards Boscastle, taking in my route the romantic village and bottom of Lesnewith, where nature reigns undisturbed, assuming a beautiful and picturesque wildness, very distinct from the general character of the country. My companion caused me to deviate from the regular road, to see his parish church, (Minster) and I was well repaid with pleasure for the additional walk. The church is almost shut out from the observance of strangers, being closely embosomed in foliage; the oak, the elm, and the ash, overshadowing this consecrated spot, as if to prepare the mind for the solemnity of the sacred duties connected with it. This little temple is without a tower, for its erection was frustrated after the bells were cast for the use of this building. My guide assured me, that on the vessel's arriving in the bay of Boscastle, with the bells on board, the silly mariners made them sound, which on the water is considered ominous. Alas! and so it was; the ship sprang a leak, and all sunk to the bottom; but the most remarkable circumstance connected with this story, is, that the inhabitants of Boscastle frequently hear a regular peal from the bottom of the sea. Ignorance and simplicity characterize the inhabitants of this neighbourhood; their stories, however ridiculous, are told with the most serious belief. In retired hamlets we are frequently called to contemplate the dreary prospect of mental darkness. Superstition is nursed in the shades of ignorance, and the most preposterous tales fix their belief without resistance. The chains of obstinacy and self-pride will not fall off 'till experience has taught us knowledge, under the influence of reason. Cornish superstitions are mostly attached to saints and devils. The idea of supernatural agency is connected with every rude form, or singular position. "Not a pool, whose situation was dreary or uncommon, but shewed marks of the cloven foot on its margin." But the most powerful agent amongst them is Tregagle, whose history is much enveloped in darkness, but the echoes of the storm are "the howlings of Tregagle," and in every high wind "Tregagle roars."*

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* The task to which he was condemned was, with a limpet shell, with a hole in the bottom of it, to empty Dosmary Pool, which, in

A short walk brought me to the village of Boscastle, in a highly romantic situation; the barren hills which encompassed it, with their rugged outlines, and steep precipices, assume a boldness of character, very grand and peculiar to this coast. The cottages of the village are very mean, and, although half a mile from the water, on the side of a hill, yet the half-impoverished foliage refuses to wear its summer suit but for a very short time; the sea breezes nip its tenderness, causing it to assume a poverty in appearance, corresponding with the wretchedness of the surrounding scenery. Here I was compelled to pass the darkness of the night

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floor of plaister, and the walls of dung.
At once a flock bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw."

This place was one celebrated for its castle, built by one of the Botreaux family, and the round artificial hill, with a double ditch, called the *court*, is still to be seen. Half a mile from the village the sea forms an inlet, sufficiently wide for small vessels, which trade to this port from the north of Devon; but from the narrowness and irregularity of the channel, the sea forces its passage with incessant roarings, and with a dead hollow sound struggles amongst the caverns and broken rocks, with mad'ning rage and angry foam. The houses near the quay are more respectable than the village, and as this place exports considerable quantities of slate, the scene becomes highly interesting from the groupes of figures which are constantly engaged on the shores of this little port. Boscastle stands in the parishes of Minster and Forrabora. Many churches on the coast answer the purposes of beacons or land marks, as does that of Forrabora, being exposed to the open channel, without a blade of cultivation, or the smoke of civilization to cheer its dreariness. Every village has its poet, most generally the clerk of the parish, and if the traveller wishes for *entertainment*, the church-yards in Cornwall will seldom disappoint. In the latter, among many specimens of English poetry, is the following:

"Beneath this tomb; daughter and mother lye
The daughter first; next did the mother dye
And thus the sheaperd; when he takes up ye lamb
Is closely follow'd; by the dame:

the vulgar opinion, is unfathomable. "On the rising of an easterly wind, the Devil used to chase him three times round the pool; when he would make his escape to Roche-rock, where, putting his head into one of the chapel windows, he was safe."

And thus Christe; sometimes takes us to his fold:
He beares the young ones firste; next comes ye old."

With a guide, I proceeded to Nathan's-Cave, one of the most extraordinary beauties of this county, and very far superior to the celebrated cascade at Lidford, in Devon. After this stream has struggled through a narrow channel, it falls about twelve feet into a small bason, from which it is emptied by another fall of thirty feet, into a second bason, where the water is blackened to a considerable depth, overflowing under a natural arch, 'till it reaches the bottom in broken streams; the whole overshadowed by foliage, and protruding rocks. Nathan's-Cave is but little known in the county, and there being no regular path to the bottom of the fall, it requires great resolution to persevere through the bush-wood and furze, which clothe the hills, but the lovers of the picturesque will find abundant compensation for their toils.

A walk of three miles brought me to Tintagel, which is also called Trevena and Bosiney; a few shabby cottages constitute the dignity of the place, affording miserable "entertainment for man and horse." This borough was imprivileged by Richard, earl of Cornwall, who granted "Quod burgus noster de Tyntaivil sit liber burgus." The qualifications which entitle to a vote consist in living in the parish, and being landowners, the number seldom exceeding ten. The church is about half a mile from the village, on the hill, immediately above the sea; it is large, and of great antiquity, but falling fast to ruin, from neglect. Here also the church-yard loses its moralizing effect, many of the inscriptions to the memory of the deceased being very humourous, and the following, I think, have a great degree of originality:

"Here lyes A wife was
Chaste A mother blest A
Modest matron All those
In one chest Sarah unto
Her mate Mary to God
Martha to men whilst
Here shee had abode."

ALSO,

"The body that here buried lyes
By lightning fell death's sacrifice
To him Elijah's fate was given
He rode in flames of fire to Heaven."

The most interesting objects on this coast are the remains of Tintagel, or King Arthur's Castle, scattered amidst such wild-

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ness of scenery as seems the work of magic power; on every side nature appears in wild solemnity. The principal remains of this fortress are on a bold promontory, stretching out on the sea, and nearly separated from the land by an immense chasm; this peninsula was anciently joined to the shore, with the communication of a draw-bridge, and after its destruction was supplied by trunks of trees; but the only access, at present, is by a narrow sheep path, overlooking a hideous cliff, which cannot be climbed without the utmost danger. The island contains many acres of excellent pasturage for sheep; two or three, being put forward, lead the rest over the crumbling ledge. There are no doubts of this castle being a British structure, and built in the rudest times, when the Cornish Britons had not learnt any thing of the art from the Romans; what remains is constructed with slate, pierced with loop-holes, and strengthened with buttresses. Tintagel was the seat of the dukes and earls of Cornwall to the time of Edward, when palaces and castles were converted into prisons, and magnificence fell into ruins; but it is particularly famous for giving birth to the hero of the west, the enterprising Arthur, who is said to have imbibed the spirit of his native spot, and to have united the savage warrior with the religious enthusiast.

After the death of Ambrosius Aurelius, A. D. 497, it is said, that a Briton, named Uter, who, having been victorious over his Saxon enemies, made a triumphal feast for the principal nobility and soldiers of his kingdom; giving orders that the invitation to his court should be extended to their wives and daughters, to unite their congratulations over his pagan enemies. Among the princes who attended this celebration was Gothlois, earl and duke of Cornwall, with Igerna, his lady, with whose beauty and charms the king was so much delighted, as to omit the necessary affairs of his kingdom to enjoy her company. Gothlois, possessed with jealousy, abruptly left the court, and, with Igerna, returned to his own country, obstinately refusing obedience to the commands of Uter, considering himself a free prince, who owed neither homage or allegiance; whereupon Uter denounced hostility against him, but Gothlois still persisted, notwithstanding his threats, from which the king's hopes were considerably dismayed, and the anguish of disappointment increased, having learnt that the object of his desires was secured within the impregnable fort of Dundagel (Tintagel) "which was a place munified by art and nature, and of so narrow an entrance over the sea and rocks, by a draw-bridge, that three armed men at once would keep out his whole army, and maugre all their skill and strength." Uter found the force of his arms ineffectual, being altogether discomfited in his attempts; but as he was more desirous to vanquish the chastity of Gothlois's lady (Igerna)

than to shed blood, he resolved to have recourse to the magic art of the old British prophet, (Merlin) who bid the king be of good comfort, for that he doubted not but in a short time he would introduce him into the company of Igerna; "Whereupon Merlin ordered the king, together with Ursan, of Richardock, to attend him one night in the twilight, with whom, in secret manner, he went towards the draw-bridge of Dundagel castle, where, making a noise, the centinel demanded in the dark who they were? Merlin, being transformed into the shape of Bricot, a servant who waited on Gothlois, and lay in his bed chamber, made answer, that his duke, Gothlois, escaped from the sieze of Dameliock, was at the gate for entrance. The centinel apprehending he heard the very voice of Bricot, and seeing at some distance two persons talking together, the one King Uter, metamorphosed into the shape of Duke Gothlois, and another Ursan, of Richardock, transformed into the shape of Jordan, of Dundageil, let down the draw-bridge, and so gave them opportunity to enter into the insular castle aforesaid; where he had further confirmation of the identity or reality of their persons by their speech and apparel, as far as the night would permit him. Whereupon he joyfully conducted King Uter to Igerna's chamber, who, in bed, not discovering the fraud, gladly received him for her lord; when, that very night betwixt them was begotten that valiant, noble, and religious Prince Arthur."*

The same night Uter's soldiers seized the castle of Dameliock (now St. Udye) maintained by Gothlois, who fell in the conflict. Soon after, King Uter was publicly married to Igerna, by whom (as afore-mentioned) he had a son named Arthur, and a daughter named Avme.

In consequence of the atchievements of Arthur being so interwoven with fabulous and imaginary accounts, many rigid historians have doubted his existence; but of his acts, Lord Bacon says, "There is truth enough to make him famous, besides what is fabulous. He was born in the year 500, fifteen years after which he is said to have succeeded his father in the kingdom, and to have lost his life in the 36th year of his reign, in a battle near Camelford.

The hemisphere being wrapt in cloudy darkness I determined to turn my back on its floods, and wait for clearer skies, before I proceeded west in my intended tour.

* Hals, pp. 96.

Election of Sir Francis Burdett for Westminster.

THE committee who conducted the late election having resolved that Sir F. Burdett should literally not be at a shilling

ling expence, the following letter was sent him by the chairman, and to which he returned the under-inserted answer:—

"SIR,

"When the fees and gratuities were paid at the house of commons by a deputation from the committee (as per balance sheet in exposition,) the clerk objected to receiving the 2s. for your affidavit 'till you attended to take your seat, and it being the particular wish of the committee that the whole of the expences should be defrayed by them, I herewith inclose that sum. I am, with all due respect, &c.

"(Signed) S. BROOKS, Chairman.

"110, *Strand, Jan.* 16, 1808.

"*Sir F. Burdett, Bart. M P. for Westminster.*"

"SIR,

"I receive with great gratitude and pleasure this last act of kindness and attention from the committee of electors of Westminster, to whom I beg you will return my sincere acknowledgements. "I remain, Sir, &c.

"(Signed) FRANCIS BURDETT.

"*Wimbledon, Jan.* 19, 1808.

"*Mr. Samuel Brooks, chairman of committee of electors of Westminster,* 110, *Strand.*"

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 22.

MR. EDITOR.

IN continuation of the subject of my last letter on cruelty, I will give you the substance of a conversation which lately occurred between Eugenio and Tallihoe. They met in a narrow lane; Eugenio having Cowper's Poems in his hand, and Tallihoe his gun,—accompanied by a dozen or fourteen dogs.

Tallihoe.—"Well, old Sobersides! where hast been? Ecod one would take thee for a poor forsaken gander. And as for that book, I'll be bound 'tis a bundle of proverbs, published before the flood."

Eugenio.—"For once, you are mistaken, Sir. But though it is not 'a bundle of proverbs', there are many beauties and truths in it, that would not disgrace the pen of a Solomon. Of cruelty, in particular, he writes in a most masterly manner; his introductory lines are well worth your attention:

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense
Yet wanting *sensibility)* the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;

But

But be that has *humanity*, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live."

Tallihoe.—" Not kill a *snail!!* Ha—ha—ha! Why what the deuce, then, will become of all the *cabbages?* Now I'd bet a dozen, that this same poet never had a garden of his own, or he'd tell a very different story."

Eugenio.—" But what, Sir, have you to advance in favour of killing a poor hare, or some harmless bird; neither of which could possibly injure yourself or your cabbages? Of what crime, for instance, is the woodcock guilty, that his sentence of death is sealed, the moment the rigours of the icy north drive him to the more genial climate of England."

Tallihoe.—" Crime! come, that's a good joke! I suppose we shall soon hear of a new court instituted for the trial of woodcocks; none of which are to be shot 'till legally condemned for " high crimes and misdemeanours." But, Master Eugenio, allow me to ask you a question. Did you, or did you not, very lately, (I mean within these two years) sally forth with your gun almost every day? and were you not an excellent shot? and did you not kill, slay, maim, wound?"

Eugenio.—" Hold, hold, I beseech you! for though I am obliged to plead guilty, I cannot endure the bare recollection of my barbarity. I'll tell you, however, what put an end to my *shooting-mania.*—Returning from one of these excursions, and being desirous of discharging my fowling-piece before I entered the house, wantonness induced me to aim at a large gull, that sailed majestically over my head. The shots rattled against his wings, but did not bring him down. As I walked the next morning with Ellen, on the sea-shore, our attention was attracted by the loud cries of one of those birds. It continued hovering over a rock, and frequently pitching on it; uttering at the same time such distressing notes, that we were well aware some calamity had befallen it. Anxious to know the real cause, Ellen and myself, with great difficulty, ascended the rock, where, (melancholy to relate), we found a poor wounded gull in the agonies of death. The conviction of guilt covered my face with blushes; Ellen perceived my agitation, and knowing from whence it proceeded reprimanded me most severely, " Only remark, (said she, as a tear sparkled in her blue eyes,) only remark, how the unhappy mate still hovers above us, calling, no doubt, in the most pathetic language, to this innocent sufferer, intreating him to follow her. But alas! in vain! He will never more wing his flight through the etherial element; he will never more lave his snowy plumage in the waters of the ocean! See, Eugenio, how mournfully he gazes aloft at his lamenting companion. What eloquence is in that look! Methinks I hear him cry, ' I cannot, cannot come; farewell, farewell, for ever! and oh, hasten

away; for lo! my murderer is at hand, and you also may fall a victim to his cruelty."—In such language did the charming Ellen address me; and from that moment I entered into a solemn resolution never more to subject myself to a similar reproof.

Tallihoe.—" Ha! ha! ha! Here's a *genius* for you! Only give him 'gull' for his text, and he'll out-rant any methodist in the kingdom. Come, come, Eugenio, pray do mount the hedge, we'll suppose it a pulpit; I'll stand clerk; and after another discourse on a gull or a goose, or any other bird that may best suit your palate, we'll have a stave. Little Juno, here, shall sing treble; Dido, tenor; and old Jowler will make an excellent bass."

Eugenio.—" You may be satyrical, Sir, as long as you please, but I defy you to prove my arguments invalid. I positively assert, that what you call *sporting* is downright *cruelty*. What business have we to sport with the lives of God's creatures? the laws of *necessity*, indeed, are stronger than those of humanity, and we must (however reluctantly,) submit to them; but surely you can plead no *necessity* in palliation of *your* offence! No, you confess that it is *noble sport*; and that you take great pleasure in imbruing your hands in the blood of innocence! Oh! for shame! for shame!!"

Tallihoe.—" Hey-day! master moralist, whither so fast, prithee? I'faith I shall stand but a sorry chance of overcoming your hypothesis, if you wont let me speak; now do be silent for a few minutes, and I will tell you one of my old aunt's stories, which she was so fond of relating, that I can repeat it almost word for word, as it is written in her book of tales. " There was among the caliphs one, more than all the rest, renowned for the goodness and singularity of his temper. His name was Haroun Abraschid. 'Twas his custom to walk unknown amidst his subjects, and hear from their own mouths their grievances, and their opinion of their rulers. He advanced and degraded, according to these reports; perhaps, sometimes, too hastily, though always with an upright purpose; and used to say, he was the only sovereign that heard the thoughts of his people.—One morning, about sunrise, as he was walking along the side of a river, he saw an old man and his grandson, earnest in discourse. The boy, in wantonness, had taken a water-worm out of the flags, and, having thrown it on the ground, had lifted up his foot to crush it. The old man pulled him back, and just as the caliph came up, was speaking to him thus. " Boy, do not take away that which is not in thy power to give; he, who gave life to that insect, gave it also to thee; how darest thou violate what he bestowed. Shew mercy, and thou wilt find mercy."—The caliph stopped, and hearing beggary and rags so eloquent, he stood astonished! " What is

your

your name, and where is your habitation?" said he. The old man told him he was called Atelmoule, and pointed to his cottage.—In an hour a robe of state was sent to the cottage, officers attended, and Atelmoule was told he was appointed visier! They led him, full of wonder and confusion, to the caliph; he fell upon his face, before the throne; and, without daring to look up, kissed the verge of the royal robe. "Rise, Atelmoule, (said the caliph) you are next the throne, forget not your own lessons. "Shew mercy, and you shall find it!"—The man with astonishment and surprise beheld the person with whom he had spoken in the morning.

Thus far, Master Eugenio, the story runs in favour of your theory; but the cream of the jest is yet to come. Pray mark the end of it.

"Mean time the sun was warm; the worm, whose life the new visier had saved, opened its shelly back, and gave birth to a fly, that buzzed about, and enjoyed his new-born wings with rapture; he settled on the mule that carried back the visier, and stung the creature. The mule pranced, and threw his unaccustomed rider. The visier hung by a part of his robe, and was killed by a stroke of the creature's heel."

"Now, see, Eugenio, the blessed fruits of old Gaffer's compassion; had he permitted the boy to kill the worm, he might have saved his own *sconce*."

Eugenio.—"I plainly perceive the drift of your narrative. I have read it frequently myself, and if I mistake not, it has a conclusion, by way of moral, which you seem reluctant to repeat. I will, therefore, save you the trouble. I think it runs thus. "The account was brought to the palace, and even those who had murmured at the sudden exaltation of the man, pitied that death he owed to his virtue; even providence was censured; so daring and so ignorant is man! But the caliph, superior to the rest in virtue, as in office, lifting up his hands to Heaven, cried, "Blessed be thy sacred name, O prophet! I decreed honours to Atelmoule, but thou hast snatched him to thy paradise."

"Now, Sir, unless you can prove that the unfortunate fate of the new visier was the effect of the Almighty's wrath, for saving a harmless worm from death, your argument is not in the least degree substantiated by your tale. God's ways are unsearchable, and his judgments not less just because they are beyond our comprehensions."

Eugenio was about to proceed, when the dogs (who, instead of paying any attention to this learned debate, were hunting about the hedges) put out a hare. Away they all darted, helter skelter, followed by their vociferous master—the greatest brute of the whole pack.

MAY CHITT.

THE May-chitt is a small dark grey bird. It comes in great plenty into marsh lands in May, and stays about a month. It is very fat, and is accounted to be excellent eating.

SAGACITY *of a* CROW.

THE following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman at Carriston to his friend in Brechin, dated October 30:—

"In spring 1789, a boy brought a nestling crow to my house, where he remained until the harvest following, when he disappeared, which made me suppose some accident had befallen him. In June, 1790, I observed a crow approaching near the house, and as he did not seem much frightened when I came near him, I suspected it might be my old bird. To be sure of this, I threw a piece of bread at the foot of the tree where he sat, and retired, which he immediately picked up and ate. From that day to this time he has paid his visits very regularly, and is known by the name of Wattie, which is now very familiar to him. About the month of February, after pairing, he brings his mate along with him, who waits for him at a distance, until he returns with his allowance, which they eat very lovingly together.

"In breeding time he comes very often, and at each time fills his pouch below his bill, to carry to his young ones; and when they take wing, he brings them along with him to a little distance from the house, and what he gets he parts among them very carefully. If he finds the door fast when he comes he first caws aloud, then thumps on the door with his bill, and if he is still unsuccessful in these efforts, he utters a pretty loud sound, much like the barking of a little dog. If he meets me at a distance from the house, he makes up to me; and if coming home, he accompanies me all the way, hopping along, or by short flights. Once, indeed, he came up to me at the distance of three miles from my house, when, to prevent his being disappointed, I asked a piece of bread for him of an acquaintance. When I have occasion to be from home for some days, he appears to be very happy on my return, which he shews by cawing and jumping about. Our long acquaintance has had the effect of attaching me much to him, so that it would pain me even to hear of any misfortune happening to him; and, so far as his powers go, I believe there is nothing lost on his part. I have all along mentioned him in the masculine gender, which I think is the case, because I could never discover any difference on the feathers of his breast during the time of incubation."

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater, to W. Trewavas's Charade, inserted November 30.

ROSEHILL's the seat, if I am right,
Which in your lines you bring to sight.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. R. S. U. of Awliscombe; H. Easter, of Poole; J. Joyce, of Tiverton; J. Horsey, R. M. Giffard, and S. Paull, of Castle Cary academy; J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; P. Gove, and Henry Ellis, of Exeter; D. G. of Hinton St. George; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; W. D. of Bristol; J. Vellenoweth, near Helston; J. B. of Barnstaple; J. Rowden, of Heytesbury; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton.

Answer, by J. Vellenoweth, near Helston, to J. Joyce's Rebus, inserted the 14th of December.

YOUR parts select, and right transpose,
A TOURNAMENT they will disclose.

†§† Similar answers have been received from H. Easter, of Poole; S. D. of South Petherton; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; H. Lucas, of Lyme; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; W. D. of Bristol; H. Ellis, of Exeter; J. B. of Barnstaple; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

Answer, by J. Salter, of Broadhembury to J. Whitnell's Rebus, inserted Dec. 14.

THE SNOW-DROP, Sir, I've brought to light,
Which is your whole, if I am right.

† Similar answers have been received from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Easter, of Poole; J. Woodman, of North Curry; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; Thomas Gill, officer of excise near Wells; J. B. of Barnstaple; J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; H. Lucas, of Lyme; William Nicholls, of Sidmouth; R. Gidley, of Dean Prior; W. D. of Bristol; H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and S. D. and G. A. F. Arden, of South Petherton.

An ANAGRAM, *by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.*

A Precious stone transpose aright,
A foreign town you'll bring to sight.

A CHARADE, *by Adrianus.*

MY first is a glutinous substance we know,
And in colour a contrast will form with the snow;
My next to yon house doth a liquid convey,
Of gen'ral importance, in use ev'ry day:
My whole lends assistance the voice to attune;
If as yet 'tis a mystery, 'twill be reveal'd soon.

☞ *There is no originality in the remarks on criticism.*
† *Postage of letters must be paid, or their contents will not be noticed.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUNDAY MORNING.

THE air sweet fragrance breathes around,
All nature lives a smiling day;
Save where the guilty conscience frowns,
And careless sin sleeps time away.
No heavy clouds which fill with dread,
Nor heedless storms beat o'er the head;
The restless flood is hush'd to sleep,
And peaceful rests a solemn deep.
The pious mind, from burden free,
Rejoices in its liberty;
With humble hope, and fervent pray'r,
It climbs the mount, and worships there.
Perpetual calms, and sweet repose,
Are now exchang'd for deepest woes:
Each trembling fear's dissolv'd by love,
And all the heart's on things above.

Plymouth. S. P. Jun.

WINTER.

HAVE you seen the gay warblers and insects of spring,
In the sweet shady groves of yon vale?
How they sport in the sunshine, and blithesomely sing,
While echo repeats their soft tale!

The vernal elysium of love's soft delight,
The sweet op'ning flow'rets of June,
In each bosom emotions of rapture excite,
And vibrations celestial attune.

Thus rolls the gay season 'till autumn appear;
The groves then are mournfully still;
The yellow leaves, lingering, are drooping with fear,
And winter appears on the hill.

Fled and gone are the tuneful attendants of May—
The balms they inhal'd are no more;
Yet, retiring, methinks they a lesson display,
To be read by the hapless and poor.

"Thus, thus, O ye lords of creation's domain,
While the sunshine of fortune shall last,
Friends, as songsters of summer, appear in your train,
But retire if the sky is o'ercast."

MINER's SONG.

MINES, mines are alone the brisk fountain of mirth,
Whence jollity springs, and contentment has birth;
Mines ennoble the mind, mines support all the poor,
And no dismal gloom haunts the brave miner's door.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

No care interrupts, while the mines are in view,
Then blast after blast, my boys, let us pursue.

The chase of the copper few accidents wait,
We never break necks, tho' we oft crack a pate;
If wars rise among us, they soon again cease,
One blast brings a truce, and another brings peace.
Chorus—No care, &c.

The tars heave the lead, the sound bottom to feel,
But we heave the lead to produce a hard meal,
Tho' frugal our meal is the lead never fails,
And the trader feeds high from the lead in his scales.
Chorus—No care, &c.

In posting thro' life, by post men are thriving,
Post-office, post captains, post-horses are driving;
Since posting's the fashion, I think, on my soul,
The best of all posting is posting the coal.
Chorus—No care, &c.

By posting the coal all the trade are kept civil,
But we post the coal here by driving a level;
We level at coal, and post well all together,
Then coal, lead, and copper, for ever and ever.
Chorus—No care interrupts, &c.

On the late melancholy Shipwrecks in Dublin Bay.

HOW sweet sleep the brave in the hour of their glory,
Where wildly the rank grass waves over their bed!
How blest in remembrance! how honour'd in story!
How glorious the turf where the soldier is laid!

At the soft ev'ning hour, there shall beauty be kneeling,
While the tear of affection shall moisten the grave,
And the soul-breathing strain all around shall be stealing,
That pours the sad dirge o'er the tomb of the brave.

Such Maida's proud band, who stood foremost in danger,
All glorious they lie on the blood-crimson'd plain;
But their mem'ry shall live, nor their name be a stranger,
To glory, while Britain and glory remain.

But o'er you, hapless heroes, whose tomb is the ocean,
No dirge shall be sung but the wild billows' roar,
For you, Oh! sad fate of your youthful emotion,
No tomb but the waves, or the wave-beaten shore.

How noble to die in the battle victorious,
To fall where the brave are all falling around!
For then had you lain where your death had been glorious,
A grateful remembrance had hallow'd the ground.

Yet still, hapless youths, tho' you perish untimely,
The drop of soft pity shall swell the sad eye,
And still as he turns where the rock stands sublimely,
The stranger shall pour to your mem'ry a sigh.

On a Person who was accustomed to alter the Clock.

THOU art the vilest liar yet unhung;
When tir'd your own, you lie with *other's tongue.*